

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

41592

8

Rowland. - Beranger 185

41572.18

**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK**

• •
1918

1159278

LECTURE

ON

BERANGER,

THE FRENCH LYRIC POET,

DELIVERED IN THE

DROGHEDA MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

ON

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1858,

BY

JOHN THOMAS ROWLAND, ESQ.

“Bras, tête, et cœur, tout était peuple en lui.”

DROGHEDA:

PRINTED BY A. M'DOUGALL, 5, PETER-STREET.

1858.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM

41592.8 THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

LECTURE.

IN appearing before you to ask your attention to a lecture on a foreign poet, I approach a task which would require the talent of a good critic, as well as a spark of the poetic fire, in him who would do justice to the subject. I trust, however, the wants of the lecturer will be compensated by the richness of the subject, and that you will not regret forming an acquaintance with the departed genius of our celtic brethren of France.—That country has been long celebrated for its lyric poetry, and Oxenford justly remarks, that “in the middle ages no songster vied with the French Troubadour.”

One peculiar feature of the early lyric poetry of France is the circumstance of that branch of literary culture having been used by the higher classes of society. Kings, princes, and ministers supplied not a few of the best French lyrics now extant.

In our own country, our great lyric poets were likewise princes, and men of polished education. Ossian was of a lofty race of princes. Moore received his education in Trinity College, and his study of the Greek and Roman poets appears to have been the first inducement to his essays in rhyme.

In Scotland, Burns has been called the peasant bard; Hogg has been styled the Ettrick Shepherd; and in other countries the lyric poetry of the nation has generally had its birth in the lower and less educated classes of society—amongst the tenants of fields rather than the denizens of cities; amongst such as would be prone to say with Burns himself—

“Give me a spark o’ nature’s fire,
’Tis all the learning I desire:”

and whose humble rhymes fall on the ear of childhood with pleasure, and afford an amusement to every age. Hence each of their productions comes to us like a work fresh from the hand of nature—sparkling with dew-drops—bright with flowers—and rich in all the images which skies and fields afford to the poetic genius.

In Beranger we have the heart of a child of nature, and the polished verse of Horace or Anacreon. He is in every respect worthy of an attentive study, and I only trust that his golden fame will not be tarnished by passing through the crucible of my poor laboratory.

It was the death of Beranger which drew my attention to his works as a fit subject for a popular lecture. We value not our possessions and friends till they are lost; then we begin to feel their worth.

There is sadness in a household when a member is cut off; there is sorrow in a nation when a great man dies: but what deep regret is exhibited by an intelligent and warm-hearted people when their hero passes away: Great men will again appear: kings succeed to kings!—but a philanthropic national poet departs without heirs or successors, and the void is felt. The sun shines no more so brightly as he was wont; and as we look on trees or hills, castles, rivers or meadows, the sea or the shore, we say—“These were associated with him; he sang their praises, but, alas! he is no more!”

Again we say he was ours—he was our own—he was altogether of ourselves. We felt what he so happily expressed; we thought as he directed; we enjoyed what he praised; we sung only such songs as were akin to him. We made him a part of ourselves, of our life, of our hearts. He supplied our verses of courtship: we praised the maid we loved in the couplets he had written: our marriage song was composed by him: our banquets were made ambrosial by the nectar of his matchless verse.

Then, again, we remember the dear old poet, in his genius, sitting beside our cradle, and we drunk in the music of his lyre, even before we could comprehend aught of its worth save its sweetness. Our mother hushed us to sleep with a lullaby of his softest songs, and smiling upon us in our dreams, appeared all radiant his muse, who was an unknown goddess then. She showed us the rich banquet of life, all glorious with garlands of roses and enchanting loves.

And further on when youth arrived, when our breast began to beat with generous instinct, it was he that awakened them. He, it was, who spoke to us of honor and glory, and the echoes of our soul repeated his songs of liberty; he was the enthusiasm within us, and taught us how to love our country.

Such, indeed, was the feeling of the people in Paris when I entered the beautiful city on the 18th July, 1857.

Beranger had died on the previous Thursday; already the streets were filled with mourners, attempting to lighten their sorrow by dividing it, while venders of medals and portraits of the poet, and ballads in his honor, met you at every step. The people spoke but of Beranger. His loss appeared to mingle in the cup—to cloud the sky—to cast a shade deeper than the elms, and broader than the accacias—more sombre than the side of a death-bed. All Paris seemed to have become one vast cemetery, and individual cares, joys, and enjoyments, seemed forgotten in the general woe.

Beranger died in No. 5, Rue de Vendome, on 16th July, 1857, and within three days more than 100,000 of the people visited the tomb in which the poet was laid to rest. The poorer people—the artizan class—who had mostly felt the pleasure of his songs, were greatly displeased because government had taken upon it to conduct the funeral. They were jealous. The poet had not been a government man; he had not belonged to the court; he had ever been the poet of the people, and yet the people had been prevented from attending his remains to the grave.

The government had issued a notice to the following effect :—

PREFECTURE OF POLICE—OBSEQUIES OF BERANGER.—NOTICE.—France has lost her national poet. The government of the Emperor had intended that public honors would be rendered to the memory of Beranger. This pious respect was due to the poet whose songs, consecrated to the culture of patriotism, have aided in making immortal in the heart of the people the recollection of imperial glories.

I understand that certain parties perceive in this sad solemnity nothing save an opportunity to renew disorders, such as on other occasions have marked ceremonies of a like nature.

The government will not permit a tumultuous manifestation to be substituted for that respectful and patriotic mourning which should mark the funeral of Beranger.

On the other hand, the will of the deceased is shown in these touching words :—

“As to my obsequies, if you can avoid public noise do so, I beg of you, my dear Perrotin. When I lose friends, I am shocked at the noise of the crowd and the harangues over their graves. If mine can be conducted

without publicity, it will be one of my wishes accomplished."

It is therefore resolved and arranged with the executor, that the funeral *cortege* will be composed exclusively of official deputations, and of persons furnished with letters of invitation.

I request the populace to conform themselves to these rules. Measures are taken in order that the will of the government, and that of the deceased be rigorously and religiously respected.

Paris, the 16th July, 1857.

THE SENATOR,

Prefect of Police, Pietri.

Beranger had long before his decease chosen his grave in the tomb of a revolutionary hero named Manuel, who died in 1827. When visited Perelachaise, to place a wreath on the resting place of the poet, I copied the inscription upon the tomb. Translated, it stands as follows :—

To Manuel, by his fellow citizens.

Manuel.

Born at Barcelonnette the 10th December, 1775.

Volunteer Soldier in 1793.

Avocat.

Member of the Chamber of Representatives.

Deputy.

Expelled by the Majority in 1823.

Died the 20th August, 1827.

"Yesterday I announced that I would give way to force
"alone. To-day I come to hold my word."

Sitting of 4th March, 1825.

The country awaits for him still further honors.

— Beranger :

Born the 19th August, 1780.

Died the 16th July, 1857.

Like our own Thomas Davis, whose wish to be buried

"On an Irish green hill side,

On an opening lawn—but not too wide."

is, I am sure, familiar to most of you—the French lyricist had written some verses respecting his grave; and this poem is so completely in character with the sentiment of his writings, that I may be allowed to introduce it here. You will see that instead of painting

a picture of some scenery, enriched with the luxurious grape and waving corn, or a resting place beside the murmurs of a sweet river—all of which he knew so well how to paint in word pictures—the poet gaily counts the cost of a tomb fit for a national poet, and then requests the money to be spent in enjoyments while he was yet with his friends, to behold their joys and share in their delights. How full of abnegation is this little poem! It is a sublime anacreontic, and let it not be forgotten that though in this matter he would appear as a lover of pleasure even to excess, it was but the lyrist that so expressed himself—the man neither revelled in the merriment of Bacchus, nor the joys of Venus. He loved to see the people enjoy themselves, and has himself said with truth in one of his letters—“The happiness of humanity has been the dream of my life.”

And thus merrily the poet sang of his tomb :—

MY TOMB.

What! while I'm strong, you talk to me

Of my great tomb you wish to raise :

A folly would the outlay be ;

Leave to the great, expensive praise.

The sum on brass or marble spent

For a dead beggar were too high ;

But come—buy wine for merriment—

We'll drink the prize, my friends and I.

A tomb in modern days would cost

Your purse a thousand pounds or more :

Come somewhere—ere the chance be lost,

For six months to enjoy the store.

Concerts and balls, and Beauty's self

Shall charm us in our soft retreat :

We'll love this life, and scorn its self—

The purchase money let us eat.

While old I grow, my love is young,

Some trinkets she must have I vow ;

Folks fast to taste the joys I've sung,

As Paris proves with Longchamps now :

Some offering to my fair one bring,

A cashmere shawl will win her heart.

To constancy like her's I sing

Give of the price the larger part.

I want no stately niche with those

Shades of the dead that tread the stage :

See yon poor fellow needs repose—
 Let his last days your thoughts engage;
 To that poor man, in toil grown gray,
 Whose old age leads him long before—
 That he may keep my place—I pray
 Let 's give a portion of the store.

I wish no antiquarian eye
 Upon my tomb my name to spell;
 And 'stead of flowers there to lie,
 Their perfume here of joy shall tell.
 Come not, with torch, to find my name,
 Posterity—on useless stone
 Grown wise, I scorn such idle fame,
 And to the winds the money 's flown!

In the preface which Beranger prefixed to his songs in 1833 he mentions the name of Manuel frequently, and with the warmest expressions of friendship, esteem, and respect. He states that the same people who opposed the re-election of Manuel in 1824 as a representative, were the same who strenuously opposed the raising of a subscription, to pay a fine inflicted on the poet when he was sent a prisoner to La Force; and further on, where he speaks of his own love of independence, and want of sympathy with men in power, he says—"I have known but one man from whom it would not have been possible to be estranged if he had arrived to power. With his steady good sense, the more fitted he was to give good counsels, the more his modesty caused him to seek them of people whose principles he had proved. His determinations once taken, he followed them with firmness and without boasting. If he had been guided by another he would have honourably acknowledged it. This man was Manuel, to whom France owes yet a tomb.

"Under the honied ministry of Martignac, when worn out with so long a struggle against Legitimacy, many of our political chiefs worked at the famous fusion; one of them cried out—"It is well he is dead!" This is a funeral elegy which tells us all that Manuel had not done if living in this epoch of hypocritical promises and unhappy concessions.

"I can say myself what he did during the three days. The Rue d'Artois, the Hotel de Ville, and the barricades beheld him in turns; deliberating here, and fighting yonder: but the barricades first, for the courage of the old

soldier felt more at home in the midst of the brave people of Paris. Yes, he had worked at the cradle of our revolution. Of him it could not be said as of many others, that like the mayor's clerks they imagined themselves fathers of the children whose births they only registered.

"The happiness of France occupied him unceasingly — had he accomplished this work by means of others his joy had not been less great. I have never met a man less ambitious, even of celebrity. The simplicity of his manners made him cherish a country life. As soon as he was certain that France had no more need of his services, I heard him say—'Come and let us live in the country.'

"His political friends have not always appreciated him properly; but if any embarrassment or danger arrived, then all had recourse to his firm judgment and unflinching courage. His talent resembled their friendship; in the crisis of danger it had all its plenitude, and then many of those phrasemongers that are styled orators bowed the head before him.

"Such was the man from whom I would not have parted, even if he had grown grey in an eminent position. Far from him would have been the thought of wrapping me up in a title or an employment, for he respected my tastes. It is as a simple volunteer he would have kept me at his side upon the battle-field of power. And I remaining near him had, at least, saved him the time he would otherwise lose in visiting me, if I determined to live on in my peaceful retreat. To the most exalted sentiments, affections the most sweet had their centre in his heart: he was not a less tender friend than devoted citizen."

It was in praise of this worthy citizen, this devoted friend, Beranger wrote the following verses, with a view to obtain funds for a monument:—

THE TOMB OF MANUEL.

'Tis over now—the crowd has gone away—

A people to his coffin sighs "Adieu!"

And from their tears a looker-on would say

All love is ended, save for God the true.

The falling earth is sounding in my ears,

But, Frenchmen, you will soon forget our friend,

To show your sons his tomb in future years—

Some succour to the poor old lyricist lend.

I here will beg to honor the remains

Of one who was your firmest, best support:

To me was known his virtues without stains.
 His arm, head, heart, were yours through all report.
 The humble tomb his ashes now demand
 Of all dear Friendship's tributes is the end :
 A suppliant near his grave, I take my stand.
 Some succour to the poor old lyrist lend.

To him my heart owes all this pious care,
 Twelve years have passed since, in disastrous days.
 We met All France was lying in despair.
 I, singing, sighed to win the poet's bays,
 While he, the hero of ARCOLE, would smile
 To see a lute our Gallic rights defend.
 Thanks to your gifts—a tomb consoles the while :
 Some succour to the poor old lyrist lend.

Ambition never crossed his faithful mind ;
 Ev'n in the field—wishing a death of fame—
 To his lov'd France he still his ear inclined,
 Proud would she wake and call his humble name.
 On his arm leaning, I felt all his fire ;
 Nor thus could even the form of Death offend,
 Shelter for him is all I now require :
 Some succour to your poor old lyrist lend.

Against such power as separates us now
 His manly eloquence was always heard :
 'Twas not a straying thunderbolt, I vow,
 But a brave sword the foes of virtue feared.
 They tore him from the Tribune, and he fell
 Into a nation's arms.

Let us defend

His tomb. He loved his native country well.
 Some succour to the poor old lyrist lend.

You would forget him—people frivolous still—
 Soon as he tastes the sweetness of repose.
 What though the boat lies dry on shore ? It will
 Soon feel the tide's returning waves englose.
 The dead is haunting now the solitude
 Thro' which my songs delight their course to bend.
 Ah ! to efface four years' ingratitude,
 Some succour to your poor old lyrist lend.

And that a tomb may testify our tears
 Assist me ye, for whom so long I've sung
 Of peace and concord, 'mid a nation's fears,
 Of Liberty, when round us chains were flung.
 Give for my songs, remembered yet with pride ;

I stretch my hand—a farthing sure you'll spend.
That MANUEL's glory with us may abide,
Some succour to your poor old lyrist lend.

Such was the friend by whose side Beranger desired to lay his ashes in the tomb. The poor national poet, and the expelled national representative—one of whom had used his pen, and the other his sword, for their common country—after years of strict and pure friendship were laid to mingle into dust together.

Let us resume our vision of the poet, and behold his muse when she became lighted up by hope, and life, and even mutiny. Let us watch her as she beckons to her votaries to follow to more stirring scenes. Tucking up her flowing robe, she leads the people on; as, even still our fancy can behold her, with her rosy cheek, and coquettish manner. The Muse is now the Queen of pleasure, of joy, of love, and feasts. She sits beneath the trellis-work of the wild vine and trips to the tinkling of the harp or the merry notes of the violin, as welcome to us as ever. Nay more so. She governed our fancy before—but our hearts now.

And, see! she assumes the form of Lisette; the gay, laughing, loving grisette of Paris—such as Sterne pictured, and Albert Smith presented us.

Will we ask Lisette to tell us some of the secrets of the old lyrist. No. It is useless. Lisette has no secrets. Beranger sat not under the rose. He has told us all his secrets. His life is one broad pencil of light, which never concealed itself beneath the shade of hypocrisy or mystery, and his history is like his songs, it increases our love for the amiable poet.

Beranger was born in Paris, in the house of a tailor, and in one of his lyrics he treats of this circumstance in a manner which strongly marks the independance of his mind. In this song he supposes a fairy godmother present on his birthday, and foretelling his future lot in life.

We are told by Lucien of one Simon who, having grown rich, changed his name to Simonides and set on fire the house he had occupied in his poverty in order that none would be able to point to the scene of his humble life. If that man may be taken as an example of meanness and vanity, Beranger, who so faithfully details the poverty in which he was born, and scorns anything which savours of pride in respect of accidental circumstances deserves our highest reverence.

In France it was usual for families claiming noble descent to put a prefix of De before their surnames, and generally the name of the family estate followed De to distinguish the party—like the names of De lahayde, De Verdon, De Salis, De Vesci, and others around us.

Now it became at one time the subject of remark to cavilling critics in France, that if Beranger were so humble a man, why should he put the De before his name—for it is Pierre Jean De Beranger. There is a Zolius in every age to carp at the smallest point in the history of the great, and decry their virtues—as some astronomers devote their time to observe spots on the sun. Indeed Bacon observes “men’s minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon other men’s evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

But when it had been thus asked, the reply redounded to the honour of the French poet. He was, indeed, descended from the ancient Provencal family of Berenger. When the poet was asked why he spelt his name differently, he replied laughingly—“Do you forget that the nobles formerly knew not how to write, or wrote badly? One of my ancestors mistook the letter in question.”

But as to his use of the De. It is proved that he did not use it his first publications; it was what he conceived his duty obliged him to do so afterwards. There were several writers in the cheap journals of the day who bore the like surname, and the Editor of the *Quotidienne* having attributed one of our poets’ political songs to M. Beranger (author of *Active Morality*), who was, in consequence, near losing his place as inspector in the university, the poet at once came forward and took upon himself the responsibility. Thenceforth, to save others from being punished for his satires and political songs, he placed the De before his name.

When the revolution of July had placed Louis Philippe upon the throne, the affection of his friends took the form of a remonstrance to Beranger on the same subject. They told him it would be more in character with those days of equality to drop the De.

“Bah!” he replied, “Is it that my profession of faith is not known? If I were Marquis I would sign Marquis De Beranger; it would be still more droll!”

He might, indeed, have pointed to those beautiful verses in which he detailed the history of his birth.

THE TAILOR AND THE FAIRY.

Here in Paris, great city of squalor and gold,
 In seventeen hundred and eighty, A.D.,
 At a tailor's—my grandfather, needy and old—
 When an infant, I'll tell you what happened to me.
 No portent foretold by my cradle of straw,
 The fame of an Orpheus; but summoned one day
 By my cries my poor grandfather hurried and saw
 His child kissed and dandled about by a fay!
 And the fairy's gay lullaby sung in my ears
 With a charm that dispelled my first sorrows and
 tears.

When the honest old man in some little alarm,
 Would know what my fate in the future should be,
 "There he is by my wand's most infallible charm,
 "A waiter, a printer, a clerk," replied she.
 "A thunderbolt still adds a presage to mine
 And he nearly has died on the threshold of home;
 But the bird soon revived by a mercy divine,
 Shall brave with its strains other tempests to
 come."
 And the fairy's sweet lullaby sung in my ears
 With a charm that dispelled my first sorrows and
 tears.

The sylphs of our youth, the gay pleasures in
 throngs,
 Shall awaken his lyre to the revels of night;
 The hearts of the poor shall be glad in his songs,
 And the long weary hours of the wealthy grow
 light.
 But a darkness o'ershadows and saddens the strings,
 The bright days of Glory and Empire are o'er;
 And his voice is like that of a fisher that brings
 The news of a wreck in his grief to the shore."
 And the fairy's gay lullaby sung in my ears
 With a charm that dispelled my first sorrows and
 tears,

The tailor cried out—"Then my daughter has sent
 But a maker of songs to compensate my care—
 Better work at my trade day and night, than be
 spent
 At last in vain sounds, like an echo in air."
 "Hush, hush!" said the fairy, "thou'rt wrong to
 complain,
 Though oft have great talents the smallest success;

For his country shall cherish the bard, and his strain
 Shall soften the the tears of the exile's distress."
 And the fairy's sweet lullaby sung in my ears
 With a charm that dispelled my first sorrows and
 tears.

Last night, as I sat in a sullen repose,
 I saw her again. With the air of a sage
 She thoughtfully plucked off the leaves of a rose
 And she said—"Thou hast felt the approaches of
 age.

Kind memories in Eld will give joy to thy breast,
 As mirages brighten the wilderness lone—
 The banquets of friendship await thee, a guest,
 And there long live over the days that are gone."
 And the fairy's gay presages sung in my ears
 With a charm that dispelled all my sorrows and
 fears.

Having been confided by his parents to the care of his grandfather, he remained at Paris till his ninth year. caressed by the old tailor, scarcely learning to read, and running about the streets from morning to night with children of his own age. In one of those rambles on the fourteenth of July, 1789, he followed the wild multitude which rushed to the Faubourg St. Antoine, and saw the bronze gates of the Bastille demolished.

This magnificent triumph of the people never left his memory. It seemed to be the seed whence afterwards sprung so many garlands devoted to the goddess of liberty and the bravery of the Parisian populace. The reminiscences of that day formed mind-pictures for the poet year after year, till at length, after half a century, had so vividly imprinted there the glowing theme that the lyrist wrote its history in burning verses, on the coarse table of his cell in the prison of La Force. In the first line of this poem he says, that the recollections of that day charmed him even in the sadness of his captivity.

The following is a translation by Mr. Young, of this poem, That translator published a version of 100 songs of Beranger, ten years ago, and served, in no small degree, to make the English people familiar with the French bard.

THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

How the remembrance a poor captive charms!

I, still a boy, for vengeance heard the cry,

"To the Bastille! to arms! to arms! to arms!"

Art, trade, and labor, all their hosts supply.
Wife, daughter, mother, in pale groups stand round;
The cannon roar; the rolling drums resound;
Lo! the Bastille is their's; victory the mob hath
crowned!

The sun poured forth a brilliant ray
To welcome in that glorious day.

Children, old men, rich, poor, embrace with glee;
A thousand exploits female tongues repeat;
A soldier passing, clad in blue, they see,
And him, as hero, hands and voices greet.
Then on mine ear the name of king did break;
Of Lafayette with love they mention make;
France had her freedom gained, my reason was awake.

The sun poured forth a brilliant ray
To welcome in that glorious day.

An old man on the morrow, grave and wise,
Guided my steps o'er ruins vast and drear;
"My son" said he, "a slavish people's cries
Enslaving despots oft have stifled here.
But they, their crowd of captives safe to keep.
Beneath each tower dug out the earth so deep
That the first shock, this fort so old, could level sweep.

The sun poured forth a brilliant ray
To welcome in that glorious day.

"Ancient and holy rebel——Freedom, here
Armed with the fetters that our grandaies wore
Triumphant bids equality appear,
And she, my son, descends from Heaven once more.
Sisters are they: their bolts all hiss and glow;
Against the Court now thunders Mirabeau;
His loud voice doth to us another Bastille show!

The sun poured forth a brilliant ray
To welcome in that glorious day.

"Each nation reaps where'er the seed we sow;
Already twenty kings our movements hear,
And whilst of us their subjects whisper low
They raise their hands to feel their crowns in fear.
An Era teeming with the rights of man
Commences here and the whole globe shall span;
God, in this wreck, marks for a new world his plan.

The sun poured forth a brilliant ray
To welcome in that glorious day."

These lessons that an old man gave me then
 To slumber in my memory were thrown by ;
 But after forty years I see again—
 Shut in by bolts—the fourteenth of July.
 Freedom ! my voice they would forbid to sing ;
 Yet with thy glory these dull walls shall ring ;
 Morning athwart my bars her brightest smiles doth
 fling !

Again the sun with brilliant ray
 Doth welcome in this glorious day.

The patriotic enthusiasm of Beranger appears to have had its origin in that period of active revolution. His grandfather, however, finding the disorders of the streets of Paris, becoming more grave and dangerous each day, resolved, to send him to his aunt who lived at Peronne, in Picardy.

Accordingly Beranger went by the coach to the Auberge of his aunt ; and it is owing to this circumstance that he has caused the fairy to foretel that he would be a waiter.

When the young lad had visited all the curiosities of Peronne, he was placed under a more strict restraint by his aunt, who was a religious careful woman. She ordered him to learn his catechism—but he found in the house Racine, Telemachus, and Voltaire, that pleased him better. The scepticism of the latter seized hold of his mind, of which he very soon after gave sufficient proof. There was a storm swept over the place, and the thunder threatened to overturn the house which trembled to its foundation. Beranger watched his aunt at her devotions, and sprinkling holy water in the hope of warding off the danger. He was in the act of ridiculing her anxiety, when the window was thrown open with a frightful noise, and, perhaps, attracted by the current of air, the electric fluid burst, and threw the boy upon the floor.

For some time he appeared dead. An hour passed by ere he returned to life. Then suddenly arising, he perceived his aunt kneeling before the sofa where they had placed him.

" Well," said he—" What good was in the holy water ?"

Shocked at this unbelieving sally, so unfrequent in one of his age, his good aunt became suspicious, and searched his chamber, when the presence of Voltaire's works explained, to her satisfaction, the conduct of the boy, and fully accounted for the fall of the thunderbolt. She, there-

fore, instantly burned the books, and thenceforth all books but the catechism were prohibited.

Just at this period the men in power threatened to persecute the clergy, and to close the churches; and a Patriotic Institute was established at Peronne, by a man named Bellanglise, a citizen, whose object was to propagate in the schools the revolutionary doctrines of the day. He did not wish the boys to read greek or latin, but each article of the course of education tended to initiate the young disciples in the movements of the clubs. The lads wrote and recited speeches; they framed letters to Tallien and Robespierre; and it was singular to behold those little demagogues quarrelling like men, and giving their opinions upon public affairs.

Beranger had been placed at this school, and though she appears to have detested the course of education adopted there, his aunt dared not remove the boy lest she would be suspected. However a printer named Laisne proposing to take Beranger an apprentice his aunt seized hold of this pretext to snatch him from the doctrines of Bellanglise.

The little clubbist regretted his noisy school. He had been the strongest in argument, the most eloquent in speeches, and had written the best letters to Robespierre.

M. Laisne soon found that his youthful compositor was possessed of great intelligence, with a sincere desire to receive instruction. He became attached to him, directed his studies, perfected his knowledge of the language, and assisted him with money to complete his education.

In composing an edition of the works of Andre Chénier, Beranger tried, for the first time, the art of versification, and his master finding some of his rhymes helped his inexperience, by teaching him the rules of French Prosody.

From this day the vocation of the youth was decided.

When he returned to Paris, his father, who was now in very comfortable circumstances, asked him what he wished to do.

"I wish to be a Poet," replied Beranger.

During eighteen months he frequented with ardour the several theatres, a pleasure altogether new to him, and which, it is reported, served to distract him from the first disappointments of love.

For he had already loved; people doubt not of the existence of his Lisette, as has been the case with the Laura

of Petrarch. Lisette, the ideal of his songs, was a living being, a warm young heart, with fair cheek, rosy lips, and enchanting smile, that he had met not in dreams, but in the reality of life. He had given her his heart. She was by his side in the commencement of his career, a beautiful wild spirit who more than once preserved his heart, while she turned his head.

Lisette was not able to follow Beranger at once to Paris, but he entertained the hope of seeing her once more. Meanwhile he set to work courageously, and the extravagant manners of the Directory, where were seen effeminate men conduct themselves like women, furnished him with a subject, and he wrote *The Hermaphrodites*. The play did not meet with success, and at a later period he burnt it with a volume of poems, which the Censor would not permit him to publish.

We do not miss the volume thus destroyed, and it has been remarked that he thus acted like a rich man who is permitted to be prodigal of his wealth.

The ease and station in which Beranger found his family, was entirely dependent on the intrigues of the Royalists—of whom his father was one of the most adroit plotters. But when these plots were discovered, all became changed, and a complete want succeeded opulence.

Then, suddenly deprived of all species of resource, and finding his pen useless after the failure of his comedy, Beranger resolved to set out for Egypt, to which country people in that day were tempted by Napoleon's conquests to emigrate in large numbers.

The poet did not desire a soldier's life. He wished for a civil employment; but a M. Parseval, whom he consulted, strongly advised him to remain in France, and warned him that the Egyptian colony would be a failure. Beranger, therefore, remained, and almost found himself happy in his poverty, so much were his opinions at variance with those of his father. The Royalist money could not tempt the scholar of the Patriotic Institute; and recalling his youthful visions of poesy and fame, he commenced to sing and laugh in the teeth of poverty.

Just then, too, when he needed consolation, he was joined by Lisette. She was almost free to visit him when she pleased, and she came frequently to his lodging, bringing all the purple light of love and hope with her, and lighting up the humble dwelling of Beranger with joys unspeakable. The poet has left a record of his happiness at this time in one of his songs :—

Rap, rap. Is this my brunette?
 Rap, rap. Who comes below?
 Rap, rap. 'Tis Fortune, the cheat.
 Rap, rap. I'll not open, so.
 Each friend of mine, with glass in hand,
 Makes my room swim with joy so gay,
 Lisette alone shall join the band.
 Blind Fortune—go thy way!

How truly has Querard said, in writing of the poet:—
 “All the history of Beranger is in his songs; this will
 last longer than medals of bronze.”

The philosophy of the youthful lyricist—the lover of
 Lisette—was at least sincere. Gay and frank comrades
 surrounded him then, and Roger Bontemps was of the
 number. Of this period, so happily spent, he says in
 one of his songs, apostrophising the humble lodging of
 his youth:—

“For one such month as Heaven allowed me here,
 Whilst glory, pleasure, folly, love, are rife;
 Whilst hope is beaming forth with long, long ray;
 In some brief moments whilst one spends a life
 At twenty, even the garret must be gay.”

This Roger Bontemps, whom we would call Robin
 Goodfellow, made immortal by a song, was a man named
 Billoux. He drank like Silenus, and had a circumference
 equal to a hogshead. He sent one day to his friends the
 following invitation:—“I have at length attained 25
 stone weight. Science will rejoice in finding how far the
 skin of the human body can be extended. Will
 we remain indifferent to so beautiful a work of na-
 ture? No! Therefore we will dine on Saturday next,
 28th July, at Mother Saugnet's. I will be there, and
 there will be fat enough for all.”

It was in the humble garret he then inhabited that
 Beranger composed some of his best songs.

But the society of Roger Bontemps cost money, and
 songs would not pay for suppers—even philosophy fled
 from the house of famine—and as Beranger had a good
 appetite for enjoyment he did not like to die of hunger.
 So he put together all his verses, fragments of epic
 poems, odes, and dythrambs, and sent the parcel to
 Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul, and pro-
 tector of literature.

This poetical envoy represented a supreme power, and
 yet it was accompanied by an epistle where the pride of

the scholar of the Patriotic Institute complained bitterly of being obliged to have recourse to a patron.

It is said that this dash of pride was precisely what charmed Lucien. He called the poet to his house, conversed with him about his works, praised him, and questioned him upon his position with much benevolence. Beranger was ashamed to confess the full extent of his distress; but Lucien had already discovered it.

"I wish," he said to the young man, "that no business shall interfere with your works. Count upon me for your personal support, and distress your mind no more."

Lucien soon afterwards set out for Italy, and Beranger believed himself cut off from all his hopes, when he received the following letter, dated from Rome—

"I pray you to accept my income from the Academy, and I doubt not that if you continue to cultivate your talent by exercising it, you will be one of the ornaments of our Parnassus. Preserve the rhythm in everything. Cease not to be bold, but be more elegant.

Enclosed in this kind letter was the necessary authority to draw the Prince's pension from the Academy.

The heart of Beranger bounded with gratitude, but it was only 30 years afterwards he was at liberty to express it in his writings. He dare not praise the exile; and further on the Restoration would not suffer a Bonaparte to be addressed as Macenas: it was only after the Revolution of July that Beranger was allowed to dedicate the fourth volume of his works to his protector.

About the year 1809 Beranger went to M. Arnauld of the Institute, with many letters from Lucien. This gentleman at once recommended him to M. de Fontanes, who received the poet as a secretary: but hearing him one day sing in the office some couplets of the King of Yvetot, the grand master of the university demanded the song, to show it to the Emperor, against whom it was a lively satire. Napoleon read the verses, and began to laugh loud and long in beholding this joyous criticism upon his conquests and his government.

"Do you know the air, M. de Fontanes?" inquired the Emperor.

"Yes, sire," replied the courtier.

"Sing it then", said Napoleon; and the courtier sang the libellous song for the Emperor.

The courtiers some days after this heard with astonish-

ment Napoleon himself singing between his teeth every word and note of the burden of the song.

The lyric in question was intended to express very freely a protest against the increasing and seemingly insatiable ambition of Napoleon. Yvetot is the name of a petty lordship on the lower Seine, near Havre, which up to the period of the Revolution, enjoyed a complete exemption from nearly all the ordinary burdens of the kingdom; its privileges being derived from the remote times of Clotaire I., and resembling in absurdity those of Gretna Green and Holyrood. A king nominally controlled this vast realm, and the portrait drawn by the poet of his small Norman Majesty raised at once the intended laugh, being felt by every one to be a stroke against Napoleon's ambitious magnificence and profuse expenditure.

Grown bold by this toleration, Beranger sometimes went too far in his remarks to please those around him. He was still the scholar of the Patriotic Institute.

He was invited to the soirees of the minister, and whilst there he heard one of his colleagues of the secretary's office make a wondrous fine speech to a knot of his fellows, and say "Alexander alone could conquer Bucephalus, and none other than Napoleon could to-day rule France.

"Oh, ho!" said Beranger, "you compare France to Bucephalus? Well you would do better liken it to an ass. It would then perhaps speak to tell where it felt the blows it received."

For this daring speech, in which he plainly insinuated that France was only kept in obedience to Napoleon by a rod of iron, the poet was severely censured by those in authority.

Notwithstanding he entertained those sentiments, he entertained the highest admiration for the heroes who had crowned France with glory, and at a banquet given in the salons of Paris to the *aides-de-camp* of Alexander he sung of French valour, and mocked the allies to their very beard. The following is the song he sang upon that occasion, and it is one of the most glorious ever sung by man. It is so full of national love, honour, pride, and independence, that it gives a lesson to the people of all nations, and deserves to be studied in every line, and in every word. Let us remember that it was composed expressly to be rendered in the presence of foreigners who looked forward to the ultimate conquest of Europe; nay, who still look in this direction—for we now know enough

of Russian ambition to share somewhat with Beranger the sentiments he subsequently published in his Song of the Cossack, in which he predicts their inroad like the hosts of Atilla upon the plains of Europe. It was this careful attention to the state of his country, over which Beranger sat as a Censor, and a Conscience, that has made him so very dear to the French people, and I know no subject more calculated to instruct the people of any country than the history of his life. The incidents were not numerous; but each is a fact now inseparable from the history of France. He was the Poet of the Revolution. He sung for the people exactly such subjects as were fitted to rouse them to a sense of the nature of true nationality. He detested all tricks and tricksters, all pretensions and pretenders. He was a poet of reality and not of the ideal. He painted no Arcadia save that which exists. He was the foe of tyrants, and of those only. He was the flatterer of the unfortunate! He chiefly lauded greatness after it had set in darkness, or was about to fade from memory: and feeling that all his obligations rested with the class from which he sprung—whilst he attended to the advice of Lucien and preserved his rhythm, he never wove a garland for the great, or lent his pen to what his heart detested.

Let us now imagine at the board the fair tall noblemen of Russia; the glasses sparkle with the wines of Germany and France—bright eyes are full of pride, and no doubt the foreigners deem they are making converts to Russian principles, and laying deeply the foundation of Muscovite ambition, when up rises the lyrist—the *chansonnier*—the pet of the people—the immortal bard—to sing his new song. Imagine the thrill which tingled through the veins of all present as they heard the quiet Beranger, full of god-like ire, read them a lesson fit for all ages of the world—

THE GOOD FRENCHMAN.

I like a Russian to be Russian,
 The Englishman should English be:
 And if in Prussia one is Prussian,
 Frenchmen in France be we!
 Whilst here our hearts are gushing o'er,
 And can but count one Frenchman more,
 Friends, friends, oh! faithful let us stand;
 Yes, faithful to our native land.

To Charles the Fifth that monarch's fame,
 So brave, a pang of envy cost,
 Who at Pavia could proclaim,
 "Save honour all is lost!"

Let us these soothing words repeat
 To those whom numbers did defeat,
 Friends, friends, oh! faithful let us stand;
 Yes, faithful to our native land!

They tell us Louis did deplore
 That fate our hapless warriors crost,
 Whose laurels withered but before
 Stern winter's sternest frost.
 Fresh verdure shall those laurels gain,
 Beside the lillies they'll sustain.
 Friends, friends, oh! faithful let us stand,
 Yes, faithful to our native land!

The fatal foe of England's power,
 A king on bed of suffering laid;
 Saved France of old in peril's hour,
 Yet in his palace stayed:
 We're sure, if any cause be seen,
 That Louis knows on whom to lean.
 Friends, friends, oh! faithful let us stand;
 Yes, faithful to our native land.

The anglo-mania let us dread;
 All hath it spoiled for us ere now;
 To Germans let us not be led
 In rules of taste to bow;
 Nor borrow, o'er our neighbour's lines,
 Aught—save their women and their wines!
 Friends, friends, oh! faithful let us stand;
 Yes, faithful to our native land!

Our glory's at the loftiest height:
 Whom, Frenchmen, can we rivals call?
 Our labours give mankind their light,
 Our labours charm them all.
 Let us but have a joyous strain,
 And lo! the world once more in train!
 Friends, friends, oh! faithful let us stand;
 Yes, faithful to our native land!

Good service to our land 'twill be,
 Where fixed for ever, side by side,
 The Loves, the Pleasures, Industry
 And the Fine Arts abide,

To love—for Louis hath approved
 All things that our Fourth Henry loved.
 Friends, friends, oh! faithful let us stand;
 Yes, faithful to our native land!

As regards the *Anglomania*, or desire for English fashions that, for a season, so much prevailed in Paris, we have a historical account of its excesses in Alison (vol I., page 178). That historian tells us :

"The *Anglomania* was more than a mere foolery of fashion ; it was the expression of a disposition disquieted and dissatisfied with itself, and arose from a secret desire to imitate the free institutions of a country whose extravagancies were so much the object of admiration.

"It is hardly credible, however, to what an extent the passion for everything English overspread all classes in the nation. The Philosophers constantly held up the English constitution as the model of political wisdom—English philosophy as the school of enlightened reason—English soil as the only asylum of freedom on earth. The Duke of Orleans and the liberal nobles pushed even to excess the passion for English amusements: the dress, the manners, the air, the slang of English jockeys, were the objects of universal admiration. Horse-racing and hunting became favourite amusements; leather breeches and top boots the most fashionable morning attire. Even the mode of riding was altered; and the astonished Parisians, instead of the stately seigneur, sitting erect, with huge jack-boots, on his ambling, high-mettled palfrey, beheld tightly dressed youths, arrayed like English grooms, trotting along and rising in their stirrups. Almost alone of his subjects at Paris, Louis XVI. who was thoroughly national in his habits and inclinations, resisted the general contagion, and maintained inviolate the habits and amusements of the school. Superficial observers will exclaim that these are trifles beneath the dignity of history: but they know little of human affairs who are not aware that nothing is unworthy of notice, which marks, in a period of ferment, the inclination of the general mind; and in the political not less than in the physical world, it is straws which show how the wind sets, and often prognosticate the direction of the coming storm."

Our countrywoman, Lady Morgan, in her work on France in 1829, states she was at that time told by a man of fashion "Everything English, except their politics,

is now in Paris popular, and is deemed romantic, and we have romantic tailors, milliners, pastry cooks, and even doctors and apothecaries:" and for herself she informs us, "there does exist among the French a strong disposition to try all things, and especially all things English."

After a day's shopping, when she found everything labelled English, Lady Morgan says:—

"On reaching home I found a little basket lying on the table of the anteroom, labelled with a card, and an English livery servant waiting for a receipt. The card ran thus—M——'s best compliments to Sir C. M. with a flask of genuine Poteen!"

It will therefore be perceived that Beranger applied his caustic to the proper place.

O, dear spirit of Nationality! How gloriously it gilds our country's fame, our heroes' actions—our individual exertions! How it elevates the traveller as he journeys through lands not his own, to be able to boast of his country's living fire—to point to trophies won for altars and for homes. As nationality is generally understood it is but a shade. Where it is properly cultivated each man feels himself a hero, and a man of worth. The author of *The letters of Owen Roe O'Neill*—Pollock—puts the case strongly and clearly where he says: "Those who have not dignity at home must expect contempt abroad."

This dignity is not a shade: it includes the virtue of self-reliance, and the consciousness of national purity. The Welshman has his Leek—the Scotchman his Thistle—the Irishman his Shamrock—the French the Fleur de lis—the Englishman his rose—but none of these is a whit the better for these heraldic traditions and whimsicalities.

Yet if the true and living enthusiasm gather around even a toy like one of these, it is no matter what the nucleus of the band—or what the crest that adorns the casque of the warrior.

It would delight me now if I could persuade others to make their country the goddess of their national pride, and not the battle-ground of furious factions: if I could hope that the spirit of Beranger would enter into some hearts, and warm into life even a little of all that Ossian and Moore would have evoked.

While mentioning Moore, let me say that while his songs of love and friendship bid fair to live for ever, it is to be regretted that his patriotic songs of a more general

character, such as could and would be sung by all classes. As it is, I think you will agree with me there are many who refuse even to sing his praises of Emmet—and his denunciations of the “cold-hearted Saxon.”

In this matter Beranger has been much more successful. It is the Frenchman he portrays; it is the glory of France and not of a party he desires. Above and beyond all this he sings cheerfully of the present and the future, and allows the past to bury its own dead—so that he possesses what neither Moore nor Burns can boast of, namely, that his songs are eminently practical; being full of utility—a property scarcely ever appertaining to the poet's rhymes, as utility is nowadays understood. Each is in this view a lay sermon by a good preacher to an audience with whose thoughts, passions, glories, talents, and failings he was well acquainted. More—he himself practised what he taught.

I confess I have met with parties in Paris who tried to lessen the popularity of Beranger, or rather tried to estimate it lower than they were justified by the facts. But the fame of Beranger rests not on a coterie or a class. He is in every view decidedly a Poet: he reached the highest rank in literature, although he restrained himself with the greatest modesty. Inimitable as Lafontaine, he has, like him, elevated the most trifling lyrics to the sublime. This it is which caused Benjamin Constant to say: “Beranger composes sublime odes, when he thinks he only writes a song.”

And what is the more admirable in the poet, and makes him deserving of our profound admiration is the unity of his life. He remained in old age what he had been in youth. His life is of the severe antique character: he lived under many rulers—from the first revolution to the second empire, and never deviated in a single line.

Having devoted his muse to the praise of the 1st Napoleon, whom he heartily admired, nothing could tempt him by any act of his to recognise the policy of the nephew who now rules France. A pension was offered him through Eugenie, but he refused it.

But though Beranger neither feared nor flattered those he despised or disliked, he was more than once made feel the weight of the iron rule of kings, when directed against a man who scorned to court the favour of tyrants, or those who could intercede for his safety.

In 1821 he was brought before the Court of Assize in

consequence of an evil malicious spirit having denounced his songs as rebellious, treasonable, immoral and irreligious. Notwithstanding the juries in France are differently framed from ours, only seven men out of a jury of twelve were found capable of serving the base purposes of the court. But that majority of one voice sufficed. Strange to say, they acquitted him of having written anything contrary to good manners, whilst they found him guilty of having in the same writings outraged public and religious morality. They also acquitted him of having had any design against the person of the king—though the song which had drawn upon him this prosecution was a direct appeal to the military courage of his countrymen, in which he called upon them to raise once more

THE OLD FLAG.

[Mr. Rowland here read this celebrated poem.]

A few years passed quickly by, and then Beranger saw his work bear fruit, and tyranny cast in the dust. The roll of musketry in the revolution of July reached the old poet's ears and made him tremble with the mighty interest he felt in its success. The outbreak had not seemed to his prophetic eye so near at hand. This monarchy whose foundation he had been undermining for 15 years tumbled with a crash, and this bloody fight which he had in a great measure provoked; this avenging cannon to which he had applied the match, caused him the most lively sensation, and as the bird hushes its song during a storm, so was he silent amidst the battle and the victory. He left this care to his fellow-worker Delavigne, who in his celebrated song of *La Parisienne* has done his best to immortalize the three days in popular song.

But if Beranger did not obtrude himself in presence of his revolution, the people were not unmindful of the man who had lighted the sacred fire of liberty. His bust crowned in all the theatres of the capital, was saluted with shouts of love and admiration greater than the triumph of a Roman general. The provinces echoed the applause of the capital, and entire France was but one united voice to applaud the father of the revolution.

From that day Beranger believed his mission ended—his task finished, and having attained so giddy a height in popular estimation, he felt like one of weak nerves upon a lofty pinnacle, fearful of the descent.

Some people then desired that he would resume his lyre. To those he replied, "You know I have no for-

tune but my fame ; permit me, therefore, to be careful of it. The Poet is no more. The man rests himself, adieu !” And in one of the prefaces to his works he says “ Up to this time I have been devoted to youth, and I do not now wish to be told by that gay goddess to stand aside and let her pass me by.”

We can scarcely blame Beranger for taking such care of his fame. He could easily have gained money. The Parisian journals would have covered his manuscripts with gold. But he felt as if his two muses, his political muse, and his anacreontic muse had fulfilled his missions. Whilst he disapproved of much that was taking place, he could no longer use the whip of the satirist with propriety—a sentiment of rectitude and tact forced him to lay aside the rod, lest he might be accused of perpetual discontent and systematic destructiveness. As to his loving gay, and bacchanal muse, she was grown old, and the hour for praising Susan Lisette and Jeanetton had passed away for ever.

Notwithstanding all this the Poet felt so dissatisfied with the manner in which the republican party acted that he said in the Tribune, that his party had dethroned the sovereignty of Song with the monarchy of Charles X. By this he meant that from the course they adopted they had lost their right to the poet's praise.

His horror of the tyranny of kings was constant and always forcibly expressed. It is most amusing to read his advice to the Belgians in 1831, when some months had elapsed, since the revolution had severed Belgium from Holland, and previous to the crown being offered to Leopold. In like manner as the early republicans, in their manifestoes, declared their mission to be the establishment of freedom in Europe, so Beranger, in this song, painted, in the most forcible manner, the evils that kings produce. The prophet of old was not more expressive to the Israelites, when they demanded a king instead of God to rule over them, than was the French lyricist, at this appropriate season, to his neighbours.

ADVICE TO THE BELGIANS.

Brothers of Belgium, come, to issue bring
Your doubts ! zounds, finish them, and make a king.
These eight months past, good courtiers all bemoan
That so republican your airs have grown.
Stuff for a king can readily be found ;
Jean, Paul, my neighbour, and myself stand round.

Hatched, without sitting, royal eggs abound.

Then make a king! zounds, make a king!

Yes, make a king! yes, make a king!

A prince! what blessings will he o'er you shed!

First etiquette will come with stately tread;

Crosses and ribbons then, in full amount;

Then duke and marquis—baron, peer, and count.

Then a gay throne, gold, silk, and pearl, inlaid;

Though of its cushions some might feel afraid.

The anointing too, please heaven, will grant its aid.

Then make a king! zounds, make a king!

Yes, make a king! yes, make a king!

Kissing of hands, and shows, then shall you see;

Odes, speeches, fireworks, flowers, shall frequent be.

Then many a man shall sudden sickness feign

Soon as his Majesty feels some slight pain.

On poor men's caps—on regal crowns—on all

By God's decree, some kind of vermin fall.

On pride supreme tormenting courtiers crawl.

Then make a king! zounds make a king!

Yes, make a king! yes, make a king!

It shall rain lacqueys, every sort and size;

Judges, and prefects, and police, and spies;

Soldiers in force enough to serve their turn;

Joy, that would coloured lamps in hundreds burn.

The budget comes! for twenty years to fill

Athens, and Sparta, had been cheaper still,

The ogre's dined—good people, pay the bill!

Then make a king! zounds, make a king!

Yes, make a king! yes, make a king!

But what! I jest—for well in France 'tis known

How warmly there, I have espoused the throne.

Besides our history is a guarantee

Well doing princes, there, alone we see.

The people's sires half kill them with good fare,

The more these learn, the less have those of care;

The thirteenth Louis was good Henry's heir.

Then make a king! zounds make a king!

Yes, make a king! yes, make a king!

Since the death of Beranger, his editor, Perrotin, has published a number of new songs. They are full of interest, but the time has scarcely arrived to appreciate them at their true value, or to judge properly of all their merits. Enough to say they are worthy of the poet.

One of these, however, I will bring before you, as it is concerning his great emperor, but especially as the idea is widely celtic. In this country we have the legend of Gerald D'Earla. In Germany they attach it to Frederick Barbarossa. In Scotland it is linked with the history of Thomas of Ercildoune. Scott has woven it into verse under the name of *The Shepherd's Tale*. In all these the superstition tells us of a great departed hero whom his countrymen deem not dead but laid under some magic spell, and again destined to appear as a redoubtable warrior to take part in a final struggle for the salvation of his country.

HE IS NOT DEAD!

They tell the soldier he is dead
 They tell the peasant he's no more;
 The Emperor, his shipwreck made
 Upon an isle, and near the shore,
 Where willows wave his tomb above
 He sleeps the sleep the weary love!
 We smile at the unwelcome tale.
 O, God who made his foes to quail,
 Who o'er him thy great wing so spread,
 Thou know'st 'tis false. He is not dead!

He dead! oh! no—what earthquake told
 His flight from earth? Did we behold
 A comet flaming o'er the world
 When he his spirit's wings unfurled?
 Rather believe all England's power
 Could not detain him, bound, one hour.
 Strangers, who feared his glory, feign
 The silly tale—but talk in vain;
 Even praise in vain his glory fled,
 God knows 'tis false. He is not dead!

Twice ate he of my coarse brown bread:
 With his own hand he proudly laid
 This cross of honour on my breast
 When Victory seemed at his behest.
 While bearing his proud eagle I
 Have seen Death humbly pass him by!
 Even Death approved the choice of men;
 Yet boasts each English citizen
 They've nailed him up. He's dust 'tis said.
 God knows the truth. He is not dead!

We know that one small ship was all
 He had to break his gaolers' thrall :
 And ever since, this realm throughout,
 He wanders, chased, disguised, about.
 This horseman of the ghostly mien
 Who by the forest side is seen—
 'Tis he. Perhaps he's come to save
 France and her children with his glaive !
 He never from us could have fled,
 God knows 'tis false. He is not dead !

And midst Parisian fetes and noise,
 Methought I saw him share their joys.
 'Twas surely he : from column tall
 Silently contemplating all !
 Troubled, surprised, I thither sped.
 I ran. But he had vanished.
 If my loud joy had waked his fears,
 My joy had wept in silent tears.
 I know he never could have fled.
 God knows 'tis false. He is not dead !

A sailor who knew all the woes
 That India suffers from her foes
 Hopes for our sakes he there has gone
 And leads the brave Mahrattas on.
 To menace England's empire fair,
 Marching—flying—thundering there !
 Yes, by the north, from Asia, he
 Will soon return. Alas to see
 Strangers by him to battle led !
 At least 'tis false. He is not dead !

Each nation bears a burden sore
 And wants a man to lead before :
 On whom the world in faith could rest,
 'Tis him they wish for. God, the blest,
 O, send him soon to France, or we
 Are tempted to lose faith in thee !
 But if upon a lonely isle,
 In mantle wrapt he sleep the while,
 Our blood must buy our honoured head,
 But 'tis not true. He is not dead !

In closing these remarks, I may mention that lyric poetry (by which I mean particularly words that have been written to sing to music) is not well fitted for recitation. Many things have to give way before the necessity

of the alliance. In a translation, also, there is scarcely ever the freedom or the peculiar emphasis of the original. The accents and rhythm are generally different, and hence much of the mannerism and peculiarities of style of Beranger are lost in the versions I have presented to you. Bear in mind, it is something like carrying home from Paris a French dinner. It must lose its freshness.

Yet, I trust, the style in which I have treated my subject will not cause you to look upon French poetry, as Goldsmith did upon the French people, when he said—
 “The French seldom dine under seven hot dishes; it is true, indeed, with all this magnificence, they seldom spread a cloth before the guests; but in that I cannot be angry with them, since those that have got no linen upon their backs may very well be excused for wanting it upon their tables.”

It may be that Goldsmith had no opportunity of coming to a conclusion upon this subject, when he thus wrote; and in like manner I may not have presented this French author in fitting dress to you. Yet do not, therefore, imagine that he is wanting in beauties; let the approving voice of Europe dispel such an idea, and if you have some leisure, read his works for yourselves, and you will not fail to rise from the perusal, elevated with hope, and refreshed with intellectual pleasures.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

~~OUT MAR - 6 '42~~

NOTED
STALLERUD
CHIEF

~~MAY - 5 '53 H~~

CANCELLED

FOR DUE

MAR 26 1985

1478128

41592.8

Lectures, on Beranger, the French ly

Widener Library

003660830



3 2044 087 043 899